With better phraſe and matter then thou didſt.
*Edg.* Y'are much deceiued, in nothing am I changd,
But in my garments.
*Glo.* Me thinkes y'are better ſpoken.
*Edg.* Come on ſir, here's the place, ſtand ſtill, how fearfull
And dizy tis to caſt ones eyes ſo low:
The Crowes and Choughes that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarſe ſo groſſe as beetles, halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire, dreadfull trade,
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head:
The fiſhermen that walke vpon the beake
Appeare like Mice; and yon tall Anchoring barke
Diminiſht to her cocke; her cocke aboue
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That on the vnnumbred idle peebles chafe,
Cannot be heard: it is ſo hie Ile looke no more
Leaſt my braine turne, and the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.
*Glo.* Set me where you ſtand.
*Edg.* Giue me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge; for all beneath the Moone
Would I not leape vpright.
*Glo.* Let go my hand:
Heere friend's another purſe, in it a Iewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fairies and Gods
Proſper it with thee: go thou farther off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
*Edg.* Now fare you well good ſir.
*Glo.* With all my heart.
*Edg.* Why I do trifle thus with his diſpaire, tis done to cure it.
*Glo.* O you mighty Gods, *He kneels*
This world I do renounce, and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off,
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great oppoſeleſſe wils,
My ſnuffe and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burne it ſelfe out: if *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe;

ſlow



Now fellow fare thee wel
*Edg.* Gon ſir, farewell,
rob the treaſury of life, wh
he bene where he thought
or dead? Ho you ſir, heare
indeed, yet he reuiues, wh
*Glo.* Away, and let me
*Edg.* Hadſt thou bene o
So many fadome downe p
Thou hadſt ſhiuerd like an
Haſt heauy ſubſtance, blee
Ten Maſts at each make no
Which thou haſt perpendi
Thy lifes a miracle, ſpeake
*Glo.* But haue I fallen o
*Edg.* From the dread ſu
Looke vp a hight; the ſhri
Cannot be ſeene or heard,
*Glo.* Alacke, I haue no e
Is wretchedneſſe depriu'd
To end it ſelfe by death?
When miſery could begui
And fruſtrate his proud w
*Edg.* Giue me your arm
Vp, ſo, how feele you you
*Glo.* Too well, too well.
*Edg.* This is aboue all ſt
Vpon the crowne of the
Which parted from you?
*Glo.* A poore vnfortunat
*Edg.* As I ſtood heere be
Were two full Moones; a
Hornes, welkt and waued
It was ſome fiend, therefo
Thinke that the cleereſt G
Of mens impoſſibilities, h
*Glo.* I do remember no

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